

Baseball Golf Track Athletics Tennis Cycling Other Sports

SPORTS

One Record Now Lost to the Giants, or So It Seems.

WHAT THE CUBS MUST DO

News and Views on Live Topics of the Day, Both Amateur and Professional.

John J. McGraw's ambition for the Giants to establish a record for the greatest number of games won in a season has suffered a rude shock in the last three or four weeks. In fact, the chances of equalling the mark of 115 victories and 36 defeats, set by the Chicago Cubs in 1906, are now so slim as to be worth considering.

The season is now so far advanced that only sixty games are left to be played, including all postponements, so that it would be necessary for the Giants to win forty-seven and lose only thirteen in order to reach the high water mark in the history of the major leagues. This would necessitate the team travelling at a pace quite as fast as in the early part of the season, which is quite unlikely in view of the fact that the Phillies, the Cubs and the Pirates are now playing much stronger than was the case when McGraw's men were riding roughshod over all opposition. Early in July the chances appeared to be all in favor of the Giants establishing a record that would stand for years to come, but the slump which comes to all teams at one time or another in the early part of the second Western trip practically put an end to hope in this direction.

It is more than likely, however, that the Giants will better their mark of a year ago, when they won the National pennant with ninety-nine victories and fifty-four defeats. By winning every other game played for the remainder of the season they would finish with just about the same figures, and, of course, the probabilities are in favor of their doing much better than that, or at least enough better to get a higher rating than was the case a year ago. Just about one-half of the games left on the schedule will be played on the Polo Grounds, and this in itself is a big advantage at the tail end of a grueling race.

Year in and year out the team that wins 100 games of the 154 which make up the schedule can be counted on to carry off the pennant. It may be satisfying, then, to those who are fearful that the Cubs will overtake the Giants to study the figures and see what the Chicago team must accomplish in working its way to the front. While the Giants are traveling at a 500 pace, or breaking even in their remaining games, the Cubs must go alone at a 600 pace, winning two-thirds of their remaining games in order to force New York to the limit. Under the circumstances the chances are so much in favor of the Giants repeating that there is no occasion to worry over the body blow which Frank Chance and his men administered to their hated rivals by winning seven out of the last nine games played, five of which were at Chicago and four at the Polo Grounds here.

About the same condition obtains in the American League, so far as the Philadelphia Athletics are concerned. The world's champions have a fighting chance, to be sure, but they must travel at a much faster pace than the Red Sox or the Senators to bring the race down to a head and head drive in the last two weeks.

In truth, the Athletics have even a greater handicap to overcome to win their third consecutive pennant than the Chicago Cubs have in the National League, and it looks now as if Boston and Washington would fight it out, with the chances in favor of the Red Sox.

"I could catch Matty sitting in a rocking chair," says "Chief" Meyers, of the Giants, and adds: "There is no comparison between Matty and any pitcher that ever tossed a ball, or in my opinion, that ever will toss a ball. He's the old master, the perfect artist." Meyers may be prejudiced, but this expression conforms so closely to my own views that I take pleasure in giving his words more publicity. His reason for saying that he could catch Matty sitting in a rocking chair is in the wonderful control of "Big Six," who more than any other pitcher seems to have the ability to put the ball just where he wants to.

Matty has signed only nineteen free tickets to first base this year in twenty-five games, and just what this means is well illustrated by a comparison with some of the other star pitchers of the moment. Bases on balls have been doled out by other pitchers as follows: Joe Wood, of Boston, 52 in 27 games; Ed Walsh, of Chicago, 56 in 39 games; Walter Johnson, of Washington, 58 in 31 games; "Chief" Bender, of the Athletics, 59 in 26 games; Rube Marquard, of Pittsburgh, 51 in 26 games; Hendrix, of Pittsburgh, 72 in 23 games; Marty O'Toole, of Pittsburgh, 76 in 21 games; Nap Lajoie, of Brooklyn, 78 in 25 games; and Benton, of Cincinnati, 74 in 23 games. No wonder Matty is king of 'em all.

English sporting writers, almost without exception, in commenting on the Olympic games, have sought in a rather weak way, it strikes me, to make excuses for Great Britain's poor showing on track and field by casting slurs, so to speak, upon the amateur standing of the American athletes who carried all before them. The following, written by "Ranger," in "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," is a fair sample.

Policemen Show Skill in Athletic Contests

Commissioner Waldo Guest at Annual Games of Traffic Squad.

Fifteen hundred policemen, mostly members of the traffic squad, journeyed to Witzel's Grove, College Point, Long Island, yesterday to attend the fourth annual games of the Traffic Squad Benevolent Association. Track events for large and small members comprised the programme, while the tug-of-war among the different traffic sections aroused considerable interest.

Police Commissioner Rhineland Waldo attended the games, along with Deputy Police Commissioners Dougherty and Dillon, Herman Metz, the ex-controller, and Inspectors Walsh and McTigue. The track events were all heavily contested, the efforts of the heavyweights of the department arousing considerable amusement. Martin Sheridan, the former world's champion with the discus, and his brother "Dick" handled the games in a business manner.

The summaries follow: 100-yard dash (closed to members of Traffic Squad).—Won by E. Strupel, second, W. Irving, third, Time, 0:12.5. 100-yard dash (closed to members of Traffic Squad).—Won by J. A. Schiedler, second, W. Rohn, third, Time, 0:12.5. 100-yard dash (closed to members of Traffic Squad).—Won by J. A. Schiedler, second, W. Rohn, third, Time, 0:12.5. 100-yard dash (closed to members of Traffic Squad).—Won by J. A. Schiedler, second, W. Rohn, third, Time, 0:12.5.

In view of the fact that I was not fortunate enough to visit Stockholm, my opinion as to the placing of the men in that great race is worth nothing. The judges did their best to act fairly, as they withheld a decision until a negative of the finish had been developed and then gave their decision in favor of Kiviat, with the photograph as a guide. This, I must say, is a poor way to decide a finish. It does seem, however, as if Kiviat has been a bit unlucky in his close finishes. I am not the only one who thinks that he beat John Paul Jones, of Cornell, by the narrowest of margins in the one-mile run at the Intercollegiate games, when the judges declared it a dead heat, and I am told that Kiviat is sure he was second at Stockholm, and that Kiviat is sure he was second at Stockholm, and that Kiviat is sure he was second at Stockholm.

I was glad to see that Harry Hillman, who was not so long ago ranked among the last hurdlers of the country, has signed a five-year contract to train and handle the Dartmouth College athletes. The former Olympic champion has proved himself as a trainer of men and Dartmouth is sure to profit.

Ernest Barry's victory over Richard Arnet, of Australia, for the world's professional sculling title in England last week, is quite likely to prove a stimulus to rowing in Great Britain. It is the first time in thirty-six years that an Englishman has held the championship.

Clyde Milan, of the Washington Senators, is working hard to lead all major league players in base stealing this year. He has passed the 200 mark, and says he expects to reach 300 before the end of the season.

M'Carty in Garden Bout Springfield Heavyweight to Meet Jim Stewart To-night.

All roads will lead to Madison Square Garden to-night. The most important heavyweight battle since the Wells-Palmer affair will be furnished by Luther M'Carty, of Springfield, Mo., and Jim Stewart, of Brooklyn. The limit is ten rounds, with no decision, but if M'Carty can reproduce the heavy hitting that put Carl Morris away, Stewart is doomed to take the count. Stewart, however, is a better boxer than Morris, whom he decisively defeated on points last winter and sent away fully convinced that he never would be champion.

Stewart recently put it all over Tom Kennedy, and is a greatly improved fighter. He weighs 210 pounds, and will probably extend M'Carty to the limit. M'Carty, however, is a runner and a terrible slugger. He has been called "The Fighting Irish" because of his Irish name, and it is believed that he will make things hum at the moment the going gets the big fellows loose. If M'Carty wins by a knockout he will claim Jack Johnson's title.

In spite of the importance of the fight between the two men, it is not unusual to find a crowd of popular prices and also a crowd of other ten-round bouts of "class-reddy" fights. In this city, and in other cities, it is not unusual to find a crowd of popular prices and also a crowd of other ten-round bouts of "class-reddy" fights. In this city, and in other cities, it is not unusual to find a crowd of popular prices and also a crowd of other ten-round bouts of "class-reddy" fights.

FEINBERG FLEET OF FOOT Shows Speed at Monthly Games of Morris A. A.

J. Feinberg was a double winner in the monthly games of the Morris Athletic Association, which were held at Macomb's Dam Park yesterday. Feinberg won sensational victories in the three-quarters of a mile and three-mile runs. In winning the running hop, step and jump contest, Nathan Bordenstein, who competed from scratch, covered the 100 yards in 1:10. He established a new club record.

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JOE LAKE SCATTERS HITS

Wolverton's Men Play Well, Hal Chase Making Team's Only Error.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Detroit, Aug. 4.—The Cobbs, the wildfire batter of the American League, succeeded almost single handed in defeating the New York Yankees in the opening game of the series on Navin Field to-day. The rampant Tiger drove out two terrific line drives, triples both, and scoring one run himself, drove home two additional tallies, which told three of the team's runs. Bunched hits by Stanage, Lake and Bush produced the other run, and gave the Tigers victory over Wolverton's men by a score of 4 to 1. Had it not been for the batting of Cobb the Yankees might have at least sent the game into extra innings, for Russell Ford pitched a game that would have won five out of six battles, as games go.

The defeat was particularly bitter for the New York athletes to swallow, for Joe Lake, cast aside as unworthy for service in the New York ranks, labored out on the rubber for the Detroit side, and pitched with the skill that all cast-off players use against their former comrades. Given perfect support he might have made it a shutout victory. He let the Yankees down with eight hits, and kept them so well scattered that he was seldom in any serious trouble.

In the sixth inning two singles and a base on balls filled the bases, but two were out at the time, and Joe caused Hack Simmons to pop out weakly to Jim Delahanty, and the inning closed. Lake was out for no strikeout record, and laid the ball over the heart of the plate and took a chance. He passed only two men, while one struck out.

After behaving themselves like nice little Tigers for six innings, the Detroit men got together. "Hit it as far as you have a mind, Tyrus," said Jennings, on the coaching line. "Sam Crawford will bring you a line for home." Tyrus did not hit it as far as he liked, but he hit it as far as he could, and by the time Bert Daniels got the ball to the infield Cobb was panting on third. Crawford failed to do better than a high foul to Sweeney, which "Big Ed" ate up, but Cobb scored while Loudon grounded out to shortstop.

Having once tasted blood, the Jungle Terrors went right out to clinch the game, and they did. Stanage singled, and took third on a hit by Lake, to count when Donnie Bush came through with a single. Cobb then endeavored to the plate and smashed the ball on a dead line for the fence. It flew between Zinn and Hartsell like a rifle bullet and scored the two runs that made victory sure.

Hits by Sweeney and Ford, with some loose play by the home team, let the visitors wriggle away from the coast of defeat. Stanage, who had all prepared for them, but there was glory enough for one. Daniels was a busy man for the Yankees, and made five pretty catches in left field, which had a tendency to hold down the score. Hal Chase made New York's only error, but he more than atoned for his blunder by making ten put-outs at the bat.

The longer Del Paddock plays the better he seems to get. He was like a flash at the far turn, and made the best of his four chances. Loudon worked with feverish zeal at the first bag,